



HARDEN WINS POINT

SUPREME COURT SENDS CASE BACK FOR REHEARING.

COUNT VON MOLTKE SUED FOR LIBEL

German Journalist Attacked "Kitchen Cabinet," Long in Kaiser's Favor.

Leipzig—The supreme court of the empire decided Saturday that the trial ending in the sentencing of Editor Maximilian Harden of Die Zukunft to prison for libeling Gen. Count von Moltke was unfair. It sent the case back for a rehearing.

Harden, one of the most radical of German editors, began a fierce attack many months ago on a kind of kitchen cabinet, long in high favor with the Kaiser, and known among its members as the Knights of the Round Table.

He accused the knights not only of political intrigues, but of the grossest forms of immorality. The Kaiser considered the showing so strong that he deprived all of the accused men of their military and civil posts—nearly all being in high government positions—and banished them from his court.

Moltke, a nephew of the famous general of that name, and commander of the Berlin garrison, sued Harden, lost his case, appealed, secured a conviction and was considered to have won a kind of vindication, though he was not restored to the Kaiser's favor.

The reversal of the last verdict is a heavy blow to the entire group of accused officials.

Prince zu Eulenberg, a former ambassador to Rome and foreign minister, is awaiting trial at present on a charge of perjury in connection with his testimony before a military court which dismissed him from the army on the strength of Harden's charges.

Harden has been released on bond pending the retrial.

HALF A MILLION LEAVE U. S.

Emigration to Europe Crows the Steerages.

New York—Immigration authorities say the homeward tide of European immigrants is again on the increase. European steamers in the past four days have carried away not less than 10,000 steerage passengers. The week's total is expected to reach upwards of 17,000.

Directly after the financial flurry in October, there was a heavy rush to leave the country. Since October between 475,000 and 500,000 laborers have departed, and no diminution is looked for by the steamship companies for some time to come.

Marines and Bluejackets Parade.

Bellingham, Wash.—The first division, comprising seven of the Atlantic battleship fleet, Friday furnished the citizens of Bellingham and this section of Washington one of the most interesting spectacles in the history of the state, 3,500 sailors and marines from the ships parading the principal streets to martial music before 100,000 people. The day was the crowning one of Rear Admiral Spenry's visit to this picturesque port.

Lightning Strikes Historic Church.

Philadelphia, Pa.—During a severe storm Friday the spire of the historic old Christ church on Second street above Market was struck by lightning and damaged by fire to the effect of \$15,000. The church was erected under a provisional charter granted by King Charles II. to William Penn in 1655.

Young Fish on "The Street."

New York—Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., a son of Stuyvesant Fish, formerly president of the Illinois Central railway, has become associated with the stock exchange firm of William Salomon & Co. After Mr. Fish graduated from Yale two years ago he immediately went to work in the Chicago offices of the Illinois Central. He started in to learn the railroad business from the bottom.

American Car on the Road.

Paris—A dispatch to the Martin from Vladivostok dated Friday says: The American car in the New York-to-Paris automobile race left this morning. The military governor general furnished its driver with papers giving instructions to the Cossacks and the village authorities to afford the car every assistance. The roads are very muddy and the weather threatening.

Mail Agent Found Dead.

Macon, Mo.—Richard M. Holt, 79 years old, was found dead in his bed. Holt was mail agent on the north Missouri train held up by Bill Anderson's gang at Centuria on September 27, 1864. With the death of Holt there remains only one survivor of the crew on that train, James Clark, the engineer, who now lives at Columbia.

Storm Damage at Norris City.

Norris City, Ill.—One of the hardest rains that ever visited this section came Thursday night with a steady downpour for four hours. It was accompanied by high wind and lightning. Considerable damage is reported.

Sheriff's Posse Kills Negro.

Columbus, Miss.—One Watson, the negro who killed Policeman White at Meridian Thursday, was shot to death by a sheriff's posse, eight miles west of Columbus.

MISSOURI NEWS

Cow Drags Boy to Death.

Independence—Henry Smith, 10 years old, left home in Independence to take a neighbor's cow to pasture. Around the cow's horns a long rope was tied. The other end and the boy knotted about his waist and drove the animal in front of him. The cow became frightened and began to run. Henry was thrown to the ground. His screams only added to the cow's terror and she ran faster. His skull was fractured. The cow ran about a quarter of a mile before it stopped, exhausted. In front of a greenhouse on the Spring Branch road. When men found the boy he was breathing, but died a few minutes later.

Would Disfranchise Blacks.

Kansas City—At a district convention to elect delegates to the Jefferson City convention, Mayor Crittenden introduced a resolution demanding legislative action to limit the franchise of negroes. This was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted. The Crittenden resolution declares that southern restriction is "sending hordes of vicious and criminal blacks to Missouri, and to protect not only our political institutions, but our homes, the legislature of Missouri should be asked to deny the right of suffrage to the ignorant, vicious and criminal of the negro race."

Put Wife's Head in Bucket.

St. Louis—James Campbell of 225 High street was fined \$500 and costs in the Dayton street court on a charge of shoving his wife's head in a bucket of water and striking her with a hammer. Mrs. Campbell, a bride of less than a year, testified that she used a rolling pin on her husband after freeing her head from the bucket handle. The fight followed Mrs. Campbell's demand for her husband's wages for the week.

Woman Leads the List.

Jefferson City—In the names of the applicants for license who successfully passed examinations before the Missouri state board of law examiners, Miss Lydia Lee of St. Louis has the distinction of leading the class of 135 applicants, her average grade being 91. Miss Caroline G. Thummel, also of St. Louis, came next, with an average grade of 87.

Former Missouri Mayor Weds.

Holden—Mayor O. G. Boisseau and Miss Jennette M. Smith were married at the residence of the bride in this city. Rev. J. O. Hough, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiated. The bride is the only daughter of the late W. C. Smith, one of the early attorneys and a former mayor of this city.

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Wagon Drops into Stream.

Richmond—A spring wagon in which four persons were riding slipped off a bridge into a flooded stream 10 miles northeast of here. Three of the occupants of the vehicle were drowned. They are Carl Johnson, 10 years old; James Patton, 36 years old; Cora Patton, 12 years old. The bodies were not recovered.

Kirksville Wants Joint Depot.

Jefferson City—The state board of railroad and warehouse commissioners set a hearing at Kirksville for June 2, on complaint of the prosecuting attorney of Adair county that the Wabash and the Quincy, Omaha & Kansas City roads do not maintain a joint station.

Battle with Brickbats, One Dead.

St. Joseph—In a battle with brickbats as weapons, John Smygelski, 21 years old, received a broken skull and Tony Garoboski was seriously injured at 223 South Twenty-third street. Smygelski died later and Garoboski made his escape.

Requisition for Missourian.

Jefferson City—Gov. Folk issued a requisition on the governor of Utah for the extradition of A. W. Gregor, who is wanted at Cape Girardeau for trial on an indictment charging him with sedition.

Two Held on Murder Charge.

Aurora—Edward Killen and Frank Shelton were held to the Christian county grand jury on the charge of murdering William Bowen, the old gardener, who was found in his cabin near Nixa with the back of his head crushed.

Reward on Alleged Slayer's Head.

Jefferson City—The governor has offered a reward of \$100 for the apprehension and conviction of John A. McIntosh, charged with killing John W. Zig in New Madrid county, April 14, 1907. The reward stands good for one year.

Lake Contrary Fire.

St. Joseph—Fire, caused by crossing electric wires, caused \$50,000 loss to the Midway at Lake Contrary, a summer resort about two miles from St. Joseph.



"STONEWALL" JACKSON

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON, now known the world over as "Stonewall" Jackson, was born in Clarkeburg, Va., January 21, 1824, was graduated at the United States Military academy in 1846, served through the Mexican war with great distinction, and was in line of rapid promotion. When the civil war broke out he was commissioned colonel of the Virginia forces. A record of his history making endeavors during that period until death would be a record of unparalleled, of bravery unequalled and of victories against odds the like of which have never been recorded. Almost in the moment of an unequalled victory, when he had cut off Gen. Hooker's force and only lacked a "standing up" of his feat, he was shot through the mistake of a picket, by his own men, and from his wounds died on May 10, 1863.

CONFEDERATE REUNION

Author Unknown.

Get my knapsack ready, Mary,
And my uniform of gray,
Get my battered helmet, Mary,
For I'll need them all to-day.
Get my canteen and my leggings,
Reach me down that rusty gun,
For I'm going out parading
With the boys of sixty-one.

Never mind that blood stain, Mary,
Never mind that ragged hole;
It was left there by a bullet
That was seeking how to go.
Brush away those cobwebs, Mary,
Get the bonnie flag of blue,
For I'm going out parading
With the boys of sixty-two.

Those old clothes don't fit me, Mary,
As they did when I was young;
Don't you recollect how neatly
To my manly form they clung?
Never mind that sleeve that's empty,
Let it dangle loose and free,
For I'm going out parading
With the boys of sixty-three.

Pull my sword belt tighter, Mary,
Fix the strap beneath my chin;
I've grown old and threadbare, Mary,
Like this uniform, and thin.
But I reckon I'll pose muster
As I did in days of yore,
For I'm going out parading
With the boys of sixty-four.

Now I'm ready, Mary, kiss me;
Kiss your old sweetheart good-by;
Brush away those wayward tangles—
Lord! I did not think you'd cry.
I'm not going out to battle,
I'm just going out parading
With the boys of sixty-five.

Pensions of Confederates.

It has been so many years ago since southern orators and politicians proudly boasted that the confederate veteran receives no pension and scorned to receive money for having served his country as a matter of duty and patriotism. That sort of high-sounding talk has been silenced, says the Nashville American. Every southern state pays pensions to confederate veterans, and it is entirely proper that they should. But what a change in sentiment the years have wrought!



JUBAL ANDERSON EARLY

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY was born in Franklin county, Virginia, November 3, 1816. He was a graduate of West Point and served in the Florida and Mexican wars. He spent most of his time from 1835 to 1851 in the practice of law in his native state. When the civil war broke out he enlisted as a colonel, and saw service at Bull's Run, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. After the close of the war he returned to his practice of law, and in 1867 published "A Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence of the Confederate States. He died in New Orleans March 2, 1892.



The Story Teller

Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Guntter

A Sequel to Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas," "That Frenchman," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Pacific, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game.

For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Chatteris lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Correggio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his later suspicions. Barnes' plans for the safety of the party are learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying the party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the women is supposed to be Correggio. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid. The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgiven. The party arrive at Nice and find Lady Chatteris and her daughter Maud domiciled in the villa rented with Barnes' money. Barnes is amazed to find that Count Correggio is at Nice and is acting the role of admirer to Lady Chatteris.

BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER VII.

Maud's Confidences.

Miss Chatteris pursues him along the walk between the citron and the orange trees, asking anxiously: "Why do you look so terrible?"

For Barnes is meditating sardonically: "If it were only the scar-faced devil, I'd kill him on sight as I would a rattlesnake. But this one who has turned up here, the real Correggio Cipriano Danella, what has he done to me that I can at present justly destroy him? Neither Emory nor myself, from the signature on his check, could say he wrote those letters. If he did, the dastard threat against my coming bride would make me send Cyp to the devil in very short order. But I must have proof."

A moment later her mother sweeps affably down to him. During Barnes' perusal of Emory's letters and enjoyment of Maud's confidences, Prunella has made a toilette that seems more elaborate than would be called forth by the arrival of relatives.

"What, back again so soon?" says the widow, pleasantly, leading Barnes to her parlor.

"Yes," observes that gentleman, "I forgot to mention that the reason you could treat us on family is that tomorrow I am about to wed."

"Enid!" screams the lady. "Oh, you darling boy!" and gives him a sudden, whole-souled kiss. After a moment she says deprecatingly: "This sudden mating will not permit of a grand wedding." Then, her eyes growing excited at the thought of social success, she exclaims: "Of course, the town is growing deserted, but Adelaide Carrington at the De la Mediterranee, Milly Portman of the De Rome and Lilly Vivian at the Hotel des Anglais, are three charming English girls who will be delightful bridesmaids for Enid. Besides, Edwina could invite the officers of her majesty's Opal, which is lying off Monte Carlo. Oh, it shall be the most important wedding this season in the Riviera."

"It is the most important wedding to me," remarks Barnes, solemnly, "but it will be the most private one. Enid and I are only anxious to be wed. I must beg you to say nothing about this to anyone." The gentleman's tone is deferential but imperative.

"Tonight I shall drive into Nice and see the pastor of the English church. Here in this parlor, to-morrow evening, he shall say, by the blessing of God, the words that will make my darling mine."

"Oh, of course, if you so desire it," Burton answers Prunella, affably. "I suppose Enid thinks she can manage some kind of a wedding gown by to-morrow evening."

"Anyway, that's the time," observes Barnes, quietly. All the while he is studying Lady Chatteris, wondering if her appearance has attracted Correggio Cipriano Danella, or whether the Corsican has in some subtle way learned that this is the retreat of the pursued, and is here on account of family vengeance.

"There is slight possibility that a man of 23 can be attracted by cosmetics," muses the American. Then he suddenly asks: "Has anyone called here for me?"

"Nobody, I believe. The only person I observed in Nice who knew you was a Belle—Lady Chatteris' cheeks glow with modest blushes of an English widow as she checks herself in the mentioning of the awful Blackwood."

Barnes blushes also. When a man of the world is about to wed youth and purity, the follies of his wilder youth seem shameful things. So he cuts off this mention of the great American adventuress by saying shortly: "Mr. Emory, my agent, has not been for me yet?"

"Why, no, I haven't heard of Emory since we left Marseilles," remarks his hostess.

"Ask your servants, please. This matter is important."

Lady Chatteris goes out and after a few minutes returns and says that she has questioned everyone in the house and they all assert that nobody since their arrival at the villa had called and asked for Mr. Barnes. "But if you don't bring your party on shore," prattles Prunella, "they'll be late for dinner, and—my goodness! I had forgotten—I have an engagement in Nice this evening, so I'll have to be leaving immediately after."

The additional tint upon the lady's cheeks shows that it is a love tryst.

"All right, I've got to see that minister," replies Barnes, easily, "so, if you'll be so good, you can drive me in to Nice. Now I'll get our party on shore." He lights a cigar and strolls rapidly down to the little landing place between ilex trees and olandars, the thoughts of his coming nuptials raising his spirits.

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"Since the new Danella is here, I'm glad to know it," he thinks. "A discovered danger is better than a hidden one. Who the deuce is that scar-faced scoundrel?"

Emory was to be here by the 4th—this very day. It's nearly expired and no signs of the detective, a man that Barnes knows is prompt in his appointments. "What can this mean?"

This is his reflection as he is in the boat being rowed alongside of the Wilford, for Edwina has had the yacht warped tolerably close to the landing stage, and the little pleasure vessel, looking like a slovenly merchant



"Are We Never Going on Shore to Dinner?"

schooler, is now lying not over a hundred yards away from where the soft waters slap lazily upon the grounds of Lady Chatteris' villa.

Barnes climbs hastily on board, takes the lieutenant to the retirement of the stern and rapidly tells him of the appearance of the true Correggio Cipriano Danella. "This complicates matters," he whispers. "The scar-faced scoundrel we could have put off of the way without compunction, but till this new arrival does some overt act I hesitate at sending him to King-Comet!"

"So we have been blaming these letters on the real Count Danella, when some other land pirate has been doing the dirty business," mutters Edwina, disgustedly.

"Of that I am not absolutely sure," answers Burton; then he asks: "Has Marina yet told you what her note contained?"

"Why, I was questioning her on that only a little while ago and she simply begged me to trust her. You see, I'm getting more and more anxious about her. As the time for landing gets nearer my bride grows more pale, more nervous, more despairing," sighs the young Englishman.

"And my sweetheart becomes more resolute, more determined. Bless her pluck, she is singing in the cabin now!" whispers Mr. Barnes.

"And yet," remarks her brother, gloomily, "my bride was as brave as Enid, before her wedding. Can Marina know of some hidden danger of which my sister doesn't dream?"

"Then you're not the man I think you," answers Barnes, almost savagely, "if you, her husband, don't get it out of her. Don't you see, you've got to know; that no sentimental reason should stand between you and every thing that is in your wife's mind, Edwina?"

"All right, Marina shall tell me to-night," answers the young sailor, determinedly. "But there's one thing we've got to do first, that's to see our girls are mighty safe for the present. I've fixed it, I think, pretty well with Graham. We leave the cook and one man aboard as anchor watch, and the mate takes his Scotch tars ashore and keeps careful lookout all night about the grounds."

"You've told them I'll reward them liberally?" remarks Barnes.

"Oh, it didn't require money. Graham and the rest of the crew have kind of got it into their heads that we are being pursued by some murdering foreign gang and the honest fellows from the land o' cakes are mighty eager to meet the Corsican thugs."

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Here Enid stops the interview. "Are we never going on shore to dinner?" asks that young lady, hungrily, but laughingly, as she steps lightly on deck. "I heard your boat, Burton," she adds. "Please help me down the side ladder. Marina has Edwina's sailor skill to prevent her tumbling into the water. My, isn't he tender to her!"

This last is whispered as Mrs. Anstruther, having come on deck, is half carried by her husband down the yacht's side to the cutter.

"Guess I can do the ladder act as well as he," and Burton's clutch upon his coming bride as he places her in the stern sheets of the boat is as fervid as that of the English bridegroom.

As the boat draws up to the landing stage Maud comes rushing down to the landing and cries eagerly: "Bully! Everybody on shore quick! Ma's got to drive into Nice after dinner to meet her new beau."

"Her new beau! How about Von Bulow?" laughs Edwina, as he assists the ladies to the landing stage.

"Oh, Von's on the back shelf!" cries Maud, letting her tongue run away with her. "Count Correggio Cipriano Danella is now first favorite."

At the name, Marina quivers as if under a blow. Then suddenly the nervous dread seems to leave her dark eyes and the courage of devoted love dies into them. She starts from her husband's arm, to which she has been clinging.

"By heaven, Marina knows this Cipriano Danella is the real king-pin of this death feud," is Barnes' astute reflection. He notes that the bride's head is held on high; that this delicate creature steps lightly but resolutely in front of her stalwart sailor husband as if to meet and shield him from coming danger. Her impassioned eyes affront the American. "My Lord," he shudders, "this devoted girl means to sacrifice herself in some way for this husband she adores. How? Eternal powers, I must find what that her said."

But Enid and Maud, as they step up the path, are now joking and laughing; the latter is saying she's such a good little girl she's to come in to desert. "Keep your nuts and raisins for me, every one of you," she entreates.

At this, Marina smiles so blithely that Edwina whispers to Barnes: "Getting ashore makes her normal again."

Then after a few words of caresses to Graham and his tars, who tie up the cutter and step ashore to patrol the outside of the grounds till morning, Anstruther follows the rest of the party to the house.

A few minutes after, the ladies already dressed for evening on the yacht, have thrown off their wraps and are seated at the dinner table of Lady Chatteris which, influenced by Mr. Barnes' liberal purse, has become a luxurious one.

The attempt at youth in their hostess' appearance seems to strike the party simultaneously. Enid gazes at the marvelous effects of Madame Duval's art upon her ancient subject's face and can scarce restrain a merry sneaker.

Marina, despite the conflicting emotions in her heart, smiles almost sadly, and proceeds during the progress of the meal to draw from Lady Chatteris information of her new cavalier and how Cipriano Danella came to visit her. "Did his brother's recent death affect him greatly?" asks the young bride, eagerly.

"Oh," remarks Prunella, "when he begged to be presented to me in Marseilles, the count was very sad, but—"

"Cipriano met you in Marseilles," ejaculates Barnes, his fork stayed in air over his salad.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOOSE ATTACKS A HORSE.

And the Horse Retorts in Kind—An Incident of the Maine Woods.

Three young men from Milltown, near Calais, went out into the country districts recently to pass the day and left their old horse standing under the shade of the whispering pines while they communed with nature some little distance away, according to the Kennebec Journal. They were startled by the neighing and snorting of their steed and upon reaching the spot where the animal was tied they witnessed an exciting encounter between a bull moose and the horse. The monarch of the forest just happened along and found the horse encroaching upon his domain and very naturally resented the intrusion. He made a run for the unfortunate steed and a bow-on collision was almost a sure thing, when the old horse's fighting blood got up and, instead of waiting to be rammed like a fishing boat in a fog, he stood up on his hind legs and caught the bull moose a swat fair upon the nose with both forefeet. Both animals sat down suddenly to think the matter over, the moose from the surprise of the shock, and the horse because he lost his balance, and it would doubtless have gone hard with the latter, which was incumbered with the harness and rigging, had not the young men set upon the forest king with yells just as he was about to resume the attack upon his helpless adversary. Any one who remembers the noise which a Milltown man is capable of making when out for a good time will pardon the moose for his sudden and undignified retreat.